

[illegible]

and, Fisher has been requested to clear out. In short, the president will kick him out if he don't go.

The second number of *Wid Awake* (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston) surpasses the initial number. Rosemary Johnson, the compiler of *Osgood's Little Classics*, has an excellent story. The D. D.'s are represented by contributors. The serials grow in interest, and there is evidently first-class work upon every page. We predict for this new juvenile a steady growth in readership and outwardly. Price, 20¢ per annum. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston.

Oliver Logan writes to substantiate my statement that the American press are in a conspiracy against me. I have before me several newspapers, she begins. But stop. Are you quite sure, Mrs. Sikes, that they are before you? Let us understand that you begin, and then we will have less trouble in backing up your statement.—Inter-ocean.

"Oh, he opened one eye a little, and
 catching a glimpse of the dark ob-
 ject, he mistook them for two little
 negroes, and cried out, 'Get fun me
 up! I like you in de fire if you
 can.' 'Will, shuah!' And again
 he closed his eyes. His dreams not being
 pleasant, he finally opened both
 eyes, and still seeing the pests, he
 woke up his bed for the threatened
 attack, but failed to see the enemy
 hanging upon him, he bellowed out,
 'Whar you comin' to now? Go
 away dar!'
 It is now charged that the convic-
 tion and hanging of this Lloyd, in
 1892, was the result of the
 work of detectives who wanted a re-
 ward that had been offered. An in-
 vestigation is to be made.

little girl braids the hair of one
sits in front of her, instead
studying, when the teacher re-
turns. Home is the place for ar-
ranging hair, not here. What would
I think to see me braiding my
hair in school? Presently Susan's
hair is raised, and the teacher, sup-
posing she wishes to ask some ques-
tion about the lesson, nods, when
she hears the following: 'Mary
says your hair is false, and you
wouldn't dare to do it here!'

It is better to love a man you
never marry than to marry a
man you can never love.

your hands are browned by
fire, do not envy the lilly fingers
of so-and-so, whose mother
lives in the kitchen while she
lives in the parlor and sleeps and
naps.

...ing a late tour a traveller
and up to the bar of a hotel in
English lake district, and with a
decent flourish signed the vis-
count, and exclaimed, 'I'm lieut-
enant-governor of —.' 'That
make any difference,' said the
host; 'you'll be treated as well
as rest.'